



"By the Way, Mrs. Conway Dropped in the Office Yesterday, While you Were Away."



"By the Way, Mrs. Conway Dropped in the Office Yesterday, While you Were Away."

The MAN in LOWER TEN

by MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. G. KETTER

Copyright 1929 by BOBBY-MERRILL COMPANY

SYNOPSIS.

Lawrence Blakeley, lawyer, goes to Pittsburgh with the forged notes in the Bronson case to get the deposition of John Gilmore, millionaire. A lady requests Blakeley to buy her a Pullman ticket. He gives her lower 11 and retains lower 10. He finds a drunken man in lower 10 and retires in lower 9. He awakens in lower 7 and finds his clothes and bag missing. The man in lower 10 is found murdered. Circumstantial evidence points to both Blakeley and the man who stole his clothes. The train is wrecked and Blakeley is rescued from a burning car by a girl in blue. His arm is broken. The girl proves to be Alison West, his partner's sweetheart. Blakeley returns home and finds he is under surveillance. Moving pictures of the train taking place before the wreck reveal to Blakeley a man leaping from the train with his stolen grip. Investigation proves that the man's name is Sullivan. Mrs. Conway, the woman for whom Blakeley bought a Pullman ticket, tries to make a bargain with him for the forged notes, not knowing that they are missing. Blakeley and an amateur detective investigate the home of Sullivan's sister. From a servant Blakeley learns that Alison West had been there on a visit and Sullivan had been attentive to her. Sullivan is the husband of a daughter of the murdered man.

CHAPTER XXV.—Continued.

Against both of these theories, I accuse a purely chimerical person named Sullivan, who was not seen by any of the survivors—save one, Alison, whom I could not bring into the case. I could find a motive for his murdering his father-in-law, whom he hated, but again—I would have to drag in the girl.

And not one of the theories explained the telegram and the broken necklace.

Outside the office force was arriving. They were comfortably ignorant of my presence, and over the transom floated scraps of dialogue and the stenographer's gurgling laugh. McKnight had a relative, who was reading law with him, in the intervals between calling up the young women of his acquaintance. He came in singing, and the office boy joined in with the uncertainty of voice of 15. I smiled grimly. I was too busy with my own troubles to find any joy in opening the door and starting them into silence. I even heard, without resentment, Blobs of the uncertain voice inquire when "Blake" would be back.

I hoped McKnight would arrive before the arrest occurred. There were many things to arrange. But when at last, impatient of his delay, I telephoned, I found he had been gone for more than an hour. Clearly he was not coming directly to the office, and with such resignation as I could muster I paced the floor and waited.

I felt more alone than I have ever felt in my life. "Born an orphan," as Richey said, I had made my own way, carved out myself such success as had been mine. I had built up my house of life on the props of law and order, and now some unknown hand had withdrawn the supports, and I stood among ruins.

I suppose it is the maternal in a woman that makes a man turn to her when everything else fails. The eternal boy in him goes to have his wounded pride bandaged, his tattered self-respect repaired. If he loves the woman, he wants her to kiss the hurt.

pompously, one foot in the hall, "that you were something you oughtn't to be, Mr. Lawrence. They acted as though you had committed a crime."

"I'm not sure that I didn't, Mrs. Klopston," I said wearily. "Somebody did, and the general verdict seems to point my way."

She stared at me in speechless indignation. Then she flounced out. She came back once to say that the paper predicted cooler weather, and that she had put a blanket on my bed, but, to her disappointment, I refused to reopen the subject.

At half-past eleven McKnight and Hotchkiss came in. Richey has a habit of stopping his car in front of the house and honking until some one comes out. He has a code of signals with the horn, which I never remember. Two long and a short blast mean, I believe, "Send out a box of cigarettes," and six short blasts, which sound like a police call, mean "Can you lend me some money?" To-night I knew something was up, for he got out and rang the door-bell like a Christian.

They came into the library, and Hotchkiss wiped his collar until it gleamed. McKnight was aggressively cheerful.

"Not pinched yet?" he exclaimed. "What do you think of that for luck! You always were a fortunate devil, Lawrence."

"Yes," I assented with some bitterness, "I hardly know how to contain myself for joy sometimes. I suppose you know"—to Hotchkiss—"that the police were here while we were at Cresson, and that they found the bag that I brought from the wreck?"

"Things are coming to a head," he said thoughtfully, "unless a little plan that I have in mind—" he hesitated.

"I hope so; I am pretty nearly desperate," I said, doggedly. "I've got a mental toothache, and the sooner it's pulled the better."

"Tut, tut," said McKnight, "think of the disgrace to the firm if its senior member goes up for life, or—" he twisted his handkerchief into a noose, and went through an elaborate pantomime.

"Although jail isn't so bad, anyhow," he finished, "there are fellows that get the habit and keep going back and going back." He looked at his watch, and I fancied his cheerfulness was strained. Hotchkiss was nervously fumbling my book.

"Did you ever read the Purloined Letter, Mr. Blakeley?" he inquired.

"Probably, years ago," I said. "Poe, isn't it?"

He was choked at my indifference. "It is a masterpiece," he said, with enthusiasm. "I re-read it to-day."

"And what happened?"

"Then I inspected the rooms in the house off Washington Circle. I—I made some discoveries, Mr. Blakeley. For one thing, our man there is left-handed." He looked around for my approval. "There was a small cushion on the dresser, and the scarf-pins in it had been stuck in with the left hand."

"Somebody may have twisted the cushion," I objected, but he looked hurt, and I desisted.

"There is only one discrepancy," he admitted, "but it troubles me. According to Mrs. Carter, at the farmhouse, our man wore gaudy pajamas, while I found here only the most severely plain night-shirts."

"Any buttons off?" McKnight inquired, looking again at his watch.

"The buttons were there," the amateur detective answered gravely, "but the buttonhole next the top one was torn through."

McKnight winked at me furtively. "I am convinced of one thing," Hotchkiss went on, clearing his throat, "the papers are not in that room. Either he carries them with him, or he has sold them."

A sound on the street made both my visitors listen sharply. Whatever it was it passed on, however. I was growing curious and the restraint was telling on McKnight. He has no talent for secrecy. In the interval we discussed the strange occurrence at Cresson, which lost nothing by Hotchkiss's dry narration.

"And so," he concluded, "the woman in the Baltimore hospital is the wife of Henry Sullivan and the daughter of the man he murdered. No wonder he collapsed when he heard of the wreck."

"Joy, probably," McKnight put in. "Is that clock right, Lawrence? Never mind, it doesn't matter. By the way, Mrs. Conway dropped in the office yesterday, while you were away."

"What!" I sprang from my chair.

"Sure thing. Said she had heard great things of us, and wanted us to handle her case against the railroad."

"I would like to know what she is driving at," I reflected. "Is she trying to reach me through you?"

Richey's flippancy is often a cloak for deeper feeling. He dropped it now. "Yes," he said, "she's after the notes, of course. And I'll tell you I felt like a portloun—whatever that may be—when I turned her down. She stood by the door with her face white, and told me contemptuously that I could save you from a murder charge and wouldn't do it. She made me feel like a cur. I was just as guilty as if I could have obliged her. She hinted that there were reasons and she laid my attitude to beastly motives."

"Nonsense," I said, as easily as I could. Hotchkiss had gone to the window. "She was excited. There are no reasons," whatever, she means."

Richey put his hand on my shoulder. "We've been together too long to let any reasons or unreasons come between us, old man," he said, not very steadily.

Hotchkiss, who had been silent, here came forward in his most impressive manner. He put his hands under his coat-tails and coughed.

"Mr. Blakeley," he began, "by Mr. McKnight's advice we have arranged a little interview here to-night. If all has gone as I planned, Mr. Henry Pinckney Sullivan is by this time under arrest. Within a very few minutes—he will be here."

"I wanted to talk to him before he was locked up," Richey explained. "He's clever enough to be worth knowing, and, besides, I'm not so cocksure of his guilt as our friend the patch on the seat of government. No murderer worthy of the name needs six different motives for the same crime, beginning with robbery, and ending with an unpleasant father-in-law."

We were all silent for awhile. McKnight stationed himself at a window, and Hotchkiss paced the floor expectantly. "It's a great day for modern detective methods," he chirruped. "While the police have been guarding houses and standing with their mouths open waiting for clues to fall in and choke them, we have pieced together, bit by bit, a fabric—"

The door-bell rang, followed immediately by sounds of footsteps in the hall. McKnight threw the door open, and Hotchkiss, raised on his toes, flung out his arm in a gesture of superb eloquence.

"Behold—your man!" he declared.

Through the open doorway came a tall, blond fellow, clad in light gray, wearing tan shoes, and followed closely by an officer.

"I brought him here as you suggested, Mr. McKnight," said the constable.

But McKnight was doubled over the library table in silent convulsions of mirth, and I was almost as bad. Little Hotchkiss stood up, his important attitude finally changing to one of chagrin, while the blond man ceased to look angry, and became sheepish.

It was Stuart, our confidential clerk for the last half dozen years!

McKnight sat up and wiped his eyes.

"Stuart," he said sternly, "there are two very serious things we have learned about you. First, you jab your scarf-pins into your cushion with your left hand, which is most reprehensible; second, you wear—er—night-shirts, instead of pajamas. Worse than that, perhaps, we find that one of them has a buttonhole torn out at the neck."

Stuart was bewildered. He looked from McKnight to me, and then at the crestfallen Hotchkiss.

"I haven't any idea what it's all about," he said. "I was arrested as I reached my boarding-house to-night, after the theater, and brought directly here. I told the officer it was a mistake."

Poor Hotchkiss tried bravely to justify the fiasco.

"You can not deny," he contended, "that Mr. Andrew Bronson followed you to your rooms last Monday evening."

Stuart looked at us and flushed.

"No, I don't deny it," he said, "but there was nothing criminal about it, on my part, at least. Mr. Bronson has been trying to induce me to secure the forged notes for him. But I did not even know where they were."

"And you were not on the wrecked Washington Flier?" persisted Hotchkiss. But McKnight interferred.

"There is no use trying to put the other man's identity on Stuart, Mr. Hotchkiss," he protested. "He has been our confidential clerk for six years, and has not been away from the office a day for a year. I am afraid that the beautiful fabric we have pieced out of all these scraps is going to be a crazy quilt." His tone was facetious, but I could detect the undercurrent of real disappointment.

I paid the constable for his trouble, and he departed. Stuart, still indignant, left to go back to Washington Circle. He shook hands with McKnight and myself magnanimously, but he hurled a look of utter hatred at Hotchkiss, sunk crestfallen in his chair.

"As far as I can see," said McKnight dryly, "we're exactly as far along as we were the day we met at the Carter place. We're not a step nearer to finding our man."

"We have one thing that may be of value," I suggested. "He is the husband of a bronze-haired woman at Van Kirk's hospital, and it is just possible we may trace him through her. I hope we are not going to lose your valuable co-operation, Mr. Hotchkiss?" I asked.

He hesitated at that to feeble interest. "I—oh, of course not, if you still care to have me, I—I was wondering about—the man who just went out, Stuart, you say? I—told his landlady to-night that he wouldn't need the room again. I hope she hasn't rented it to somebody else."

We cheered him as best we could, and I suggested that we go to Baltimore the next day and try to find the real Sullivan through his wife. He left sometime after midnight, and Richey and I were alone.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

As George Sees the Peers.

"David Lloyd George," said the miner from Wales, as he emptied his glass of cwrw, "David is a very witty speaker. I've heard him many a time in Carnarvon."

"Speaking in Welsh, he once ridiculed in Carnarvon the house of lords. He said the average peer thought so much of himself that at family prayers he always made one well-known passage run:

"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the lords forever!"—London Globe.

IMAGE OF STRANGE RAINBOW

Visible for the First Time in Many Years on Snow-Covered Mountains.

For the first time in many years the image of a rainbow was seen during the month of July on the snow covering the southeast side of Mount Jacinto, California.

The Cahuilla Indians have a tradition that as a remote period they were connected with the Aztecs, who believed in the white god. At one time that spirit threatened vengeance on the race for an offense, the nature of which the legend does not clearly explain.

He rose from the earth until his head, decorated with a crown of brilliantly colored feathers, shone from behind the mountain, and told the people that he would at his own time bring destruction upon their descendants.

The rainbow is his plumage, and when he permits the wind to blow the feathers of his crown against the mountain and stain the snow, his anger is very great.

The vast arch of many colors was this year visible for several weeks, and the Indians were unusually disquieted over the sight, having heard of a volcanic eruption in Mexico; but, as the snow line receded, the image became smaller, and it has now entirely disappeared.

The spectacle presents itself very seldom, and it has never yet been seen by trained scientific observers, but the opinion of learned men who have heard it described is that a meeting of several currents of wind during a storm places the snow in drifts at such angles as to give beholders from below the view of a rainbow.

Once or twice, white men who saw it thought that they might find the fabled pot of gold, and so climbed up the mountain to where the spectre rainbow lay. But, when they got there, they found nothing but the white snow, while far above was the rainbow, its bright colors undimmed, curving gradually toward the peak.

To Bed to Cure.

The old Vienna doctor whom King Edward last visited complains that he was an obstreperous and unmanageable patient; that he could not be kept abed. Now, this was only another way of confessing that the last and best treatment that the medical profession knows could not be used in the case of the king. In other words, the vaunted medical profession, with all its latter day science, could do no more than an old grandmother and housewife, and put the king to bed and give him a little broth of whey, says a writer in the New York Mail.

Few people realize that for most diseases the bed and it alone is the greatest, surest, quickest cure the world and ages of science have yet discovered or bestowed. People as a rule look upon going to bed for sickness as a necessary and unavoidable consequence of sickness instead of looking upon it as they should, as being the very first and greatest part of the cure of the case.

Black Eyes at Eton.

In proposing "The Imperial Forces" at the annual venison dinner at Windsor, Mr. R. A. Basanquet, an old Etonian, said they wanted every boy in England to be able to defend himself and practise the noble art of self-defense. He had a black eye in his day, and he did not see half enough black eyes at Eton.—London Telegraph.

Debatable.

A certain debating society is discussing the question as to which is the angrier, the husband who goes home and finds that the dinner is not ready, or the wife who has dinner ready and whose husband does not come home? It is believed that the debate will end in a draw.

Good Counterpart.

"Clothes don't make the man," quoted the wise guy.

"No, but they make a dangerous imitation," added the simple mug.

THE MARKETS.

LIVE STOCK.

NATIONAL STOCK YARDS.—Cattle—Beef steers, \$5.00@7.25; cows and heifers, \$4.75@6.25; stockers and feeders, \$3.75@5.25; Southern steers, \$3.75@5.25; cows and heifers, \$3.00@4.50; fair to choice he ve calves, \$4.25@6.00. Hogs—Mixed and butchers, \$7.20@7.50; good heavy, \$7.25@7.45; rough, \$6.50@7.25; light, \$7.25@7.40; pigs, \$6.50@7.35. Sheep—Muttons, \$3.50@4.75; lambs, \$5.50@6.50.

CHICAGO.—Cattle—Beef steers, \$4.35@7.25; cows and heifers, \$2.00@5.00; stockers and feeders, \$3.00@5.25. Hogs—Mixed and butchers, \$6.90@7.40; good heavy, \$7.20@7.40; rough heavy, \$6.50@7.10; light, \$6.30@7.30; pigs, \$7.00@7.15. Sheep—Natives and western, \$2.00@3.90; lambs, \$4.00@6.10.

OMAHA.—Cattle—Native steers, \$4.00@4.75; cows and heifers, \$3.00@5.25; western steers, \$5.00@5.75; Texas steers, \$3.00@5.15; range cows and heifers, \$2.50@4.50; canners, \$2.70@3.30; stockers and feeders, \$3.00@5.25; calves, \$3.25@7.50; bulls, steers, etc., \$2.00@4.50. Hogs—Heavy, \$7.10@7.35; mixed, \$7.20@7.35; light, \$7.35@7.45; pigs, \$6.25@7.25; bulk, \$7.15@7.30. Sheep—Yearlings, \$3.50@4.15; ewes, \$2.00@3.50; cows, \$2.50@3.25. Lambs—\$5.25@5.75.

GRAIN.

ST. LOUIS.—Wheat—No. 2 red, 96¢@97½¢; No. 3 red, 94¢@94½¢; No. 4 red, 83¢@90½¢; No. 2 hard, 93½¢@1.02¢; No. 3 hard, 90¢@91¢; No. 4 hard, 85¢@86¢; No. 2 white, 95¢@96½¢; No. 3 white, 93¢@94½¢; No. 4 white, 84¢@85¢; No. 2 yellow, 51¢; No. 3 yellow, 51¢; No. 2 white, 60¢; No. 3 white, 56¢. Oats—No. 2, 30¢; No. 3, 29¢; No. 4, 28¢. Corn—No. 2 white, 34¢@34½¢; standard, 33¢@34¢; No. 3 white, 33¢@33½¢; No. 4 white, 32¢@32½¢.

CHICAGO.—Wheat—No. 2 red, 92½¢@93½¢; No. 3 red, 90½¢@91½¢; No. 2 hard, 92½¢@93½¢; No. 3 hard, 90½¢@91½¢; No. 1 northern, \$1.05@1.06½¢; No. 2 northern, \$1.05@1.06; No. 3 spring, \$1.04@1.05. Corn—No. 2, 51¢; No. 3, 50¢@50½¢; No. 4, 50¢@50½¢; No. 2 yellow, 52¢@53¢; No. 3 yellow, 51¢@52¢; No. 2 white, 51¢@52¢; No. 3 white, 51¢@51½¢; Oats—No. 2, 30¢; No. 3, 29¢; No. 4, 28¢. Rye—No. 1, 1.10@1.11; No. 2, 1.08@1.09; No. 3, 1.06@1.07; No. 4, 1.04@1.05.

WANTS HER LETTER PUBLISHED

For Benefit of Women who Suffer from Female Ills

Minneapolis, Minn.—"I was a great sufferer from female troubles which caused a weakness and broken down condition of the system. I read so much of what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for other suffering women I felt sure it would help me, and I must say it did help me wonderfully. My pains all left me, I grew stronger, and within three months I was a perfectly well woman."

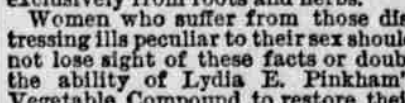
"I want this letter made public to show the benefit women may derive from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. JOHN G. MOLDAY, 2115 Second St., North, Minneapolis, Minn.

Thousands of unsolicited and genuine testimonials like the above prove the efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made exclusively from roots and herbs.

Women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

If you want special advice write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. She will treat your letter as strictly confidential. For 20 years she has been helping sick women in this way, free of charge. Don't hesitate—write at once.

THE WORLD FAMOUS



Chatterbox

Improved and enlarged. Size 6x10, 412 pages. Original stories, sketches and poems, with over 250 full page illustrations and eight colored plates, price \$1.25. Cloth, full gold edges, price \$1.75. WRITE TO PUBLISHERS FOR PRICE IN MONTHLY PARTS FOR 1911

DANA ESTES & CO., BOSTON

Why Rent a Farm

and be compelled to pay to your landlord most of your hard-earned profits? Own your own farm. Secure a Free Homestead in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. Purchase a piece of land in one of these districts and bank a profit. For full particulars, write to the Canadian Government Agent.

Land purchased 3 years ago at \$100 an acre has recently changed hands at \$200 an acre. The crops grown on these lands warrant the advance you can

Become Rich

by cattle raising, dairying, mixed farming and grain growing in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Free homestead and pre-emption areas, as well as land held by railway and land companies, will provide homes for millions.

For adaptable soil, healthful climate, splendid schools and churches, good railways. For settlers' rates, descriptive literature "Last Best West," how to reach the land, and other particulars, write to the Canadian Government Agent, Ottawa, Canada, or to the Canadian Government Agent, C. L. Hughes, 612 North 1st St., Chicago, Ill. (Use address nearest you.)

RAW FURS

THE OLDEST FUR HOUSE IN AMERICA.

JOSEPH ULLMANN,

18-20-22 West 20th Street, New York

Branch Establishments under SAME NAME at LEIPZIG, LONDON, PARIS, Germany, England, France

Buying and selling representatives in all important Fur Markets of the World, distributing each article where best results are obtained, so as to pay highest market prices for raw furs at all times.

Our Raw Fur Quotations, Shipping Tags, etc., will be sent to any address on request. References: Any Mercantile Agency or Bank.

PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN ANSWERING.

DEFIANCE STARCH

16 ounces in the package—other starches only 13 ounces—same price and "DEFIANCE" IS SUPERIOR QUALITY.

PATENT

your ideas. 64-page book and advice FREE. Established 1880. Filigree & Co., Box 1, Chicago, Ill.

PATENT

your invention. Free preliminary search. Booklet free. M.I.O. 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

PATENTS

Watson E. Coleman, Wash. D.C. books free. High and references. Best results.

REMEMBER

PISO'S for COUGHS & COLDS.